SPECIAL Comics

Special CASES OF THE HANGMAN WITH ROY and DUSTY THE BOY BUDDIES

NO. 1 WINTER ISSUE 1941 1942

SPECTACULAR HIT OF PEP Comics

LUCEY

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Introducing The HANGMAN

HELLO, GANG!... THANKS FOR ALL THOSE LETTERS ASKING ME TO APPEAR IN A BOOK OF MY OWN! HERE IT IS... AND I'VE BROUGHT THOSE SENSATIONAL YOUNGSTERS ALONG, ROY AND DUSTY, THE BOY BUDDIES! ANYWAY, HERE ARE A COUPLE OF FLASHBACKS TO SHOW HOW I BECAME THE HANGMAN!

YOU ALL REMEMBER MY BROTHER-JOHN DICKERING-THE **COMET.** WELL, IT ALL STARTED WHEN HE TURNED BIG-BOY MALONE, RACKETEER, OVER TO THE POLICE ---

A FEW DAYS LATER AS I LEFT JOHN'S APARTMENT MALONE'S THUGS MISTAKING ME FOR MY BROTHER STOPPED ME-

IS YOUR NAME DICKERING?

YES BUT-

NEVER MIND-GET GOIN'!

BEFORE THEY COULD FORCE ME INTO A CAR THE COMET FLASHED ONTO THE SCENE, DRAWING THE FIRE OF MY TWO CAPTORS--

AT LAST I WAS READY-I TOOK FOR MY TITLE THE NAME THAT ALL LAW-BREAKERS FEAR-THE HANGMAN!

THE POLICE ARRIVED AND IN THE EXCITEMENT I MANAGED TO GET MY BROTHER BACK TO HIS APARTMENT BUT IT WAS TOO LATE ---

THIS IS IT, BOB. IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN. YOU-THEL-GET MARRIED-LEAVE FIGHTING CRIME TO POLICE. TOO BIG A JOB FOR ONE-M-MAN ---

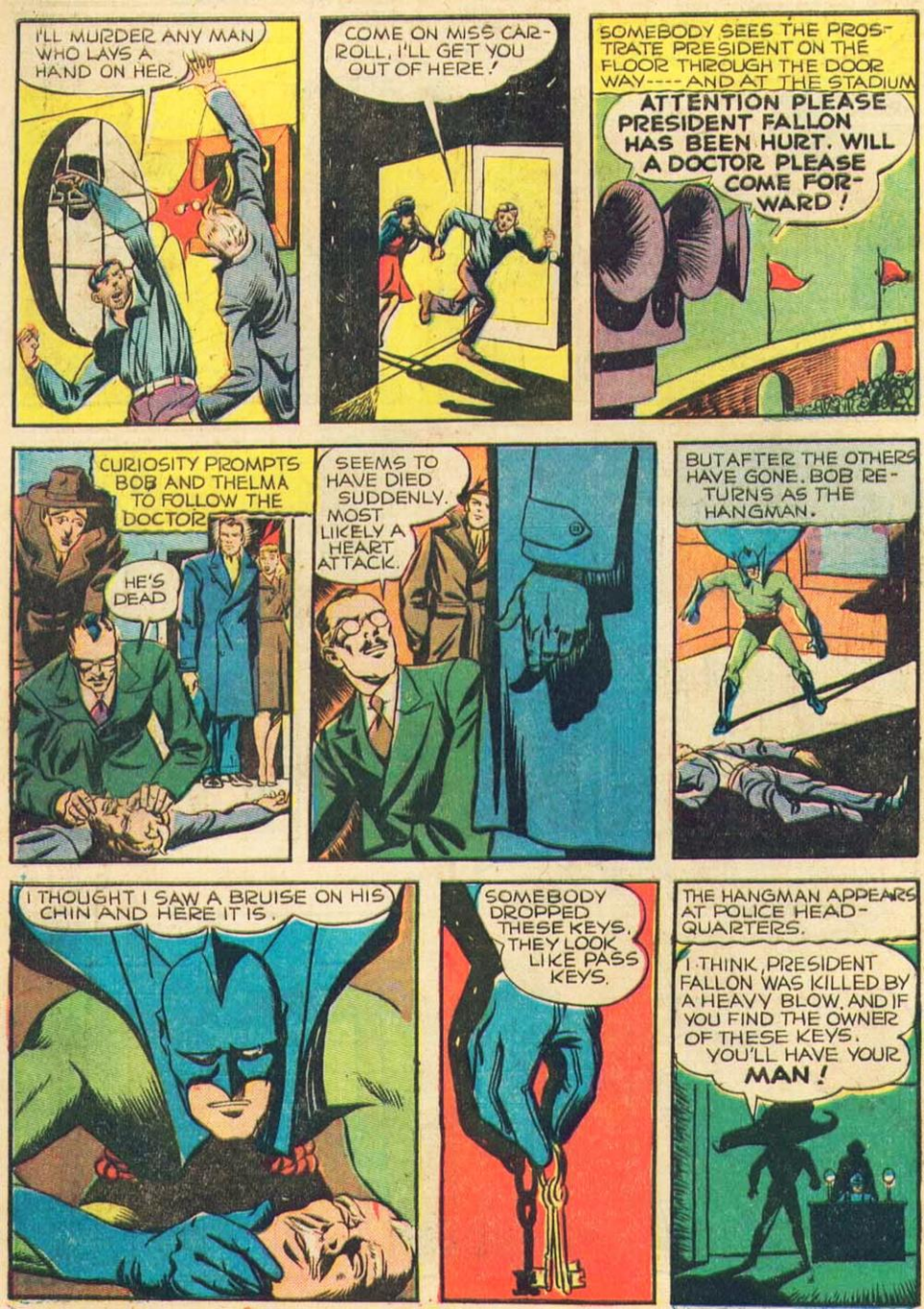
BUT I RESOLVED THAT JOHN'S DEATH WOULD BE AVENGED. USING HIS LAB, I PLUNGED INTO THE TASK OF CREATING A CHANGE OF IDENTITY TO BE USED IN MY WAR ON CRIME!

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THE
HANGMAN
SPECIAL CASE NO. 1
A SMALL TOWN COLLEGE. A PRETTY YOUNG INSTRUCTRESS LECTURES TO A CLASS FULL OF ADORING STUDENTS. THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE CLASS-ROOM PERVADES THE ATMOSPHERE. YET OVER THE ENTIRE ROOM FALLS THE SHADOW OF THE HANGMAN. WHY?
CLASS OVER, MISS MARY CARROLL, THE TEACHER, LEAVES HER STUDENTS.
IF I HURRY, I'LL BE IN TIME FOR THE GAME.


BLITHELY SHE GREETS THE LUMBERING JANITOR.
HULLO-MISS CARROLL.
HELLO GEORGE.
GOSH! SHE CALLED ME GEORGE. GEE WHY---HOW I WISH I COULD TELL HER HOW I FEEL ABOUT HER.
IN THE MEANTIME AT BOB DICKERING'S APARTMENT.
HELLO THELMA WAITING LONG?
I'LL SAY I AM. I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO THAT FOOT BALL GAME.
WE ARE GOING AS SOON AS I CHANGE MY DUDS.
WELL, I'VE GOT THAT CASE CLEARED UP AND NOW, THE AFTER NOON IS OURS.
I HAVEN'T SEEN A FOOTBALL GAME IN YEARS.
THEL, I UNDERSTAND THAT GIRL IS ONE OF THE COLLEGE TEACHERS! KIND OF GOOD LOOKING, ISN'T SHE?
THE GAME BEGINS
AND THE CHEERING THRONGS ARE SO ABSORBED IN THE SPECTACLE ON THE FIELD...
NO ONE NOTICES THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT, QUIETLY ENTER THE STADIUM.


I MUST ATTRACT HER ATTENTION. AH, SHE SEES ME NOW.
I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS?
MARY CARROLL FOLLOWS THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT OUT OF THE STANDS.
YOUR GIRL FRIEND JUST FOLLOWED PREXY OUT OF THE GRANDSTANDS. NOW YOU CAN WATCH THE GAME.
AT MARY CARROLL'S DORMITORY.
I'M IN TROUBLE MARY. YOU MUST HELP ME.
THEY'VE FOUND OUT I TOOK THE COLLEGE MONEY. THE POLICE WILL BE AFTER ME.
HA, HA, I SUPPOSE YOU'D LIKE ME TO GIVE IT BACK TO YOU. WELL I SPENT IT. BESIDES I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR TROUBLES.
YOU CAN'T TREAT ME THIS WAY AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR YOU. I'LL KILL YOU!
HELP!
THE HULKING JANITOR HEARS MARY'S CRY AND RUSHES INTO THE ROOM
DON'T YOU TOUCH HER!


I'LL MURDER ANY MAN WHO LAYS A HAND ON HER.
COME ON MISS CARROLL, I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE!
SOMEBODY SEES THE PROSTRATE PRESIDENT ON THE FLOOR THROUGH THE DOOR WAY---- AND AT THE STADIUM
ATTENTION PLEASE PRESIDENT FALLON HAS BEEN HURT. WILL A DOCTOR PLEASE COME FORWARD!
CURIOSITY PROMPTS BOB AND THELMA TO FOLLOW THE DOCTOR
HE'S DEAD
SEEMS TO HAVE DIED SUDDENLY. MOST LIKELY A HEART ATTACK.
BUT AFTER THE OTHERS HAVE GONE. BOB RETURNS AS THE HANGMAN.
I THOUGHT I SAW A BRUISE ON HIS CHIN AND HERE IT IS.
SOMEBODY DROPPED THESE KEYS. THEY LOOK LIKE PASS KEYS.
THE HANGMAN APPEARS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.
I THINK, PRESIDENT FALLON WAS KILLED BY A HEAVY BLOW. AND IF YOU FIND THE OWNER OF THESE KEYS. YOU'LL HAVE YOUR MAN!


AS HE GOES ABOUT HIS WORK THE JANITOR HEARS HEAVY FOOTSTEPS--THE POLICE! TERROR CLUTCHES HIS HEART AND INSTINCTIVELY HE RUNS TO MARY CARROLL.
OH MISS CARROLL, I'M IN TROUBLE----- VERY BAD TROUBLE MISS CARROLL!
RIGHT BUDDY! YOU'RE IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE.
DON'T WORRY GEORGE, I'LL HELP YOU.
LADY, THE ONLY GUY THAT COULD HELP HIM IS THE D.A.
GOLLY! I DON'T SEE HOW MISS CARROLL CAN HELP ME!
MARY GOES TO SEE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY--- JOHN SHELDON
MISS CARROLL IS HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR.
OH YES, MISS CARROLL, I GOT YOUR MESSAGE. COME IN!
I KNOW YOU HAVE YOUR DUTY, MR SHELDON, BUT GEORGE DIDN'T COMMIT ANY CRIME--NOT REALLY! HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO SAVE ME FROM HARM..
LORD, BUT SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!
DON'T YOU SEE, THE PRESIDENT THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I REFUSED TO MARRY HIM! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR GEORGE, HE--- MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME!
HMM, THAT PUTS A DIFFERENT LIGHT ON THINGS
SWAYED BY MARY CARROLL'S BEAUTY AND CLEVER DUPLICITY THE D.A PRESSES HIS CASE VERY WEAKLY. AND GEORGE IS ACQUITTED.
AND IN THE ENSUING DAYS
MARY, YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE YOU WHY WON'T MARRY ME ?
FIRST, YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE YOU REALLY LOVE ME.


UNDER MARY'S INFLUENCE--- THE D.A TRADES WITH THE UNDERWORLD.
CASE DISMISSED. LACK OF EVIDENCE
WELL LEFTY, I TOLD YOU I'D GET YOU OUT OF THAT MURDER RAP.
IT'S WORTH THE FIFTY GRAND, I'M PAYIN' D.A.
FOR YOU MY DEAR. AND THERE WILL BE MORE, MUCH MORE. TOMORROW I HAVE A BIG DEAL.
NEXT DAY
HERE'S YOUR DOUGH D.A. WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, DON'T WE?
O.K. MIKE! YOUR BOYS WILL BE SPRUNG!
AS THEY TALK, ONE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S ASSISTANTS ENTERS.
THE DIRTY RAT! MAKING A DEAL LIKE THAT!
I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE THAT KIND OF A RAT---- BUT THANK GOD, I CAN EXPOSE YOU.
HORROR STRICKEN WITH THE REALIZATION HE IS A MURDERER, THE D.A. FLEES WILDLY.


NEXT DAY, BOB DICKERING READS ---
GREAT GHOSTS -- SHELDON, THE D.A. WANTED FOR MURDERING HIS ASSISTANT! MAN-HUNT ON!
DAILY -- PRESS
ASSISTANT DISTRICT
MURDERED
HE WAS SEEN EVERYWHERE WITH MARY CARROLL. THAT SHE-DEVIL HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS! I'M GOING TO CALL ON HER RIGHT NOW!
AT MARY'S APARTMENT
MARY! THEY'RE HUNTING ME! I CAN'T ESCAPE THEM! I HAD TO COME TO YOU! HELP ME MARY! HELP ME!
YOU FOOL! --- GET OUT OF HERE! YOU'LL HAVE THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE HERE!
BUT MARY, YOU CAN'T DESERT ME NOW --- I DID IT BECAUSE I LOVE YOU!
GEORGE!
I SEE HIM COME IN MISS MARY! HE TRY TO HURT YOU
YES THROW HIM OUT.
YOU TRY TO HURT MISS MARY! I THINK I KILL YOU!
NO! NO!
SUDDENLY THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS FALLS ACROSS THE JANITOR'S FACE.


AND LEAPING INTO THE ROOM--- THE HANGMAN.
ALWAYS READY TO KILL! AREN'T YOU? BUT NOT WHILE I'M AROUND!
SHELDON, FLEEING FROM THE HANGMAN, RUNS RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THE LAW!
YOU'RE COMING WITH US, MR D.A.!
DESPERATE THE D.A. TRIES TO SHOOT HIS WAY PAST THEM.
GOT HIM RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES---- WHO'D EVER HAVE THOUGHT THE D.A. WOULD COME TO SUCH AN END.
IT LOOKS AS IF THE THE D.A. OUTSMARTED HIMSELF. WELL- IT SAVED THE EXECUTIONER THE JOB OF KILLING HIM
IN THE MEANTIME-- GEORGE HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES AND MAKES AGAIN FOR THE HANGMAN.
TOO BAD YOUR SHOES SQUEAK, GEORGE!
FIGHT AMONGST YOURSELF! YOU FOOLS! I'M LEAVING!
YOU'RE THE REAL CRIMINAL, MARY CARROLL. I CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU NOW, BUT SOME DAY YOU'LL MAKE A MISTAKE!


BUT MARY CARROLL, HEEDLESS OF THE HANGMAN'S WARNING, CONTINUES TO ENSLAVE MEN'S HEARTS.
LEAVING BEHIND HER A TRAIL OF BLOOD AND TEARS.


ONE DAY---
I WONDER WHO'S CALLING ME NOW.


HELLO, MISS CARROLL, REMEMBER ME, JACK SKEETER. I WAS ONE OF YOUR STUDENTS. I JUST HIT TOWN! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT GO OUT WITH ME


NO, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T, PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME.


SKEETER---DIDN'T HE SAY SKEETER? WHY THAT'S THE STEEL BARON'S SON. MAYBE I WAS TOO HASTY.


HELLO JACK, I JUST FOUND OUT I'D BE FREE TONIGHT AFTER ALL.


GOSH THAT'S WONDERFUL MISS CARROLL. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.

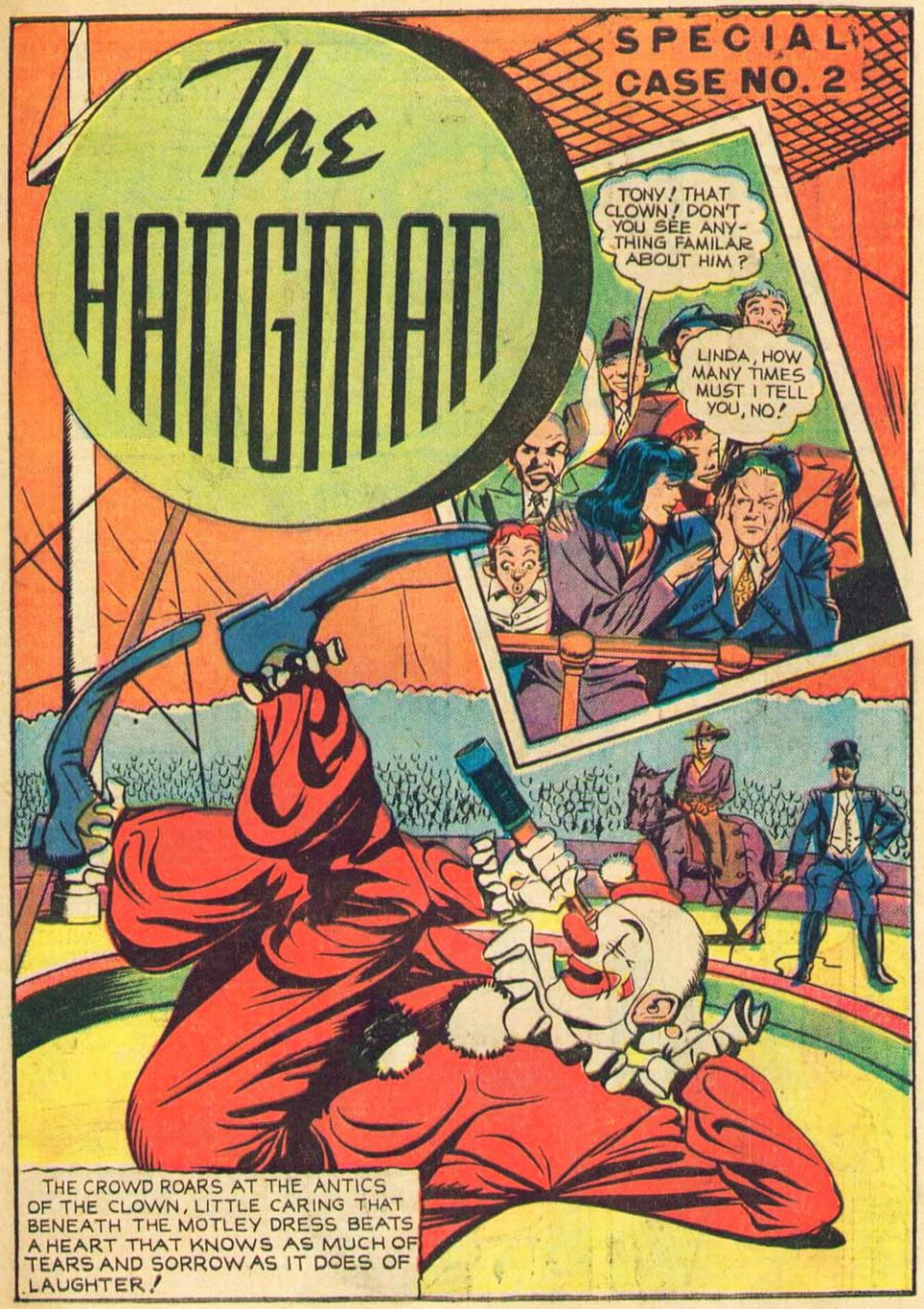

I'LL BE READY, JACK.
I DON'T LIKE FOR YOU TO GO OUT WITH THIS FELLOW. I LOVE YOU--- AND YOU ONLY GO OUT WITH OTHER MEN. IT AIN'T RIGHT.
DON'T BE SILLY GEORGE, YOU'RE JUST MY BIG BROTHER.
HIYA GEORGE, HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN A LONG TIME. WORKING HERE NOW?
GOSH YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION. I WISH SOME OF THE FELLOWS COULD SEE ME NOW
BOB DICKERING READS A NEWS-PAPER GOSSIP COLUMN.
I WONDER WHAT SHE'S UP TO NOW?
THE SON OF J.P SKEETER HAS BEEN SEEN LATELY WITH MARY CARROL GLAMOROUS GIRL SCHOOL TEACHE
BEFORE THE EVENING IS OVER, MARY HAS CONSENTED TO BECOME JACK SKEETER'S WIFE, AND SKEETER JOYFULLY DRIVES HER TO HIS HOME TO MEET HIS FATHER.
WHERE AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR WATCHES--- THE HANGMAN
DAD'LL LOVE YOU, DARLING I KNOW HE WILL


BUT THE BOY'S FATHER REACTS VIOLENTLY.
YOU CAN'T MARRY THIS WOMAN! SHE'S MUCH TOO OLD FOR YOU, EVEN THOUGH SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.
ALLRIGHT THEN, HAVE IT YOUR WAY, BUT, I'LL MARRY HER JUST THE SAME.
AS MARY AND HER RASH FIANCE SPEED AWAY THE HANGMAN FOLLOWS
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
WITH GEORGE AS A WITNESS, THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE BEGINS THE SIMPLE CEREMONY.
SHE'S MARRYING HIM! I LOVE HER, AND SHE'S MARRYING HIM! IT AIN'T RIGHT!
YOU CAN'T MARRY HER! YOU CAN'T! DO YOU HEAR!
I LOVE HER! YOU WON'T TAKE HER AWAY FROM ME!


I WON'T LET THAT BIG FOOL STOP ME FROM MY BIGGEST PRIZE.
MARY! WHY DO YOU DO THIS?
DIE, YOU FOOL! DIE! DIE!
SUDDENLY
THE-- THE HANG-MAN!
YES, MARY CARROLL! YOUR HANG-MAN, THIS TIME! YOU MADE YOUR SLIP, AS I KNEW YOU WOULD, AND AT LAST YOU, YOURSELF SHALL PAY FOR THIS CRIME!
EVEN WITH HER KNIFE IN HIS BACK, GEORGE'S FIRST THOUGHT IS FOR MARY.
YOU SHAN'T HURT HER! I'LL KILL YOU, AND YOU'LL NEVER HARM HER!
THE HANGMAN BEGINS TO CRUMBLE UNDER THE TERRIFIC PRESSURE OF THE GIANT'S FINGERS.


BUT SOON, THE KNIFE WOUND TAKES ITS TOLL AND GEORGE'S FRAME CRUMPLES
MARY CARROLL TRIES TO FLEE, BUT----
UGH, HE'S BLOCKING THE DOOR
THE LOAF! EVEN WHEN HE IS DEAD, HE'S A HINDRANCE (UGH) CAN'T MOVE HIM! HE'S TOO HEAVY!
AND THEN
YOU'VE SLIPPED AT LAST MARY CARROLL
I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM! HANGMAN! PLEASE DON'T LET THE POLICE TAKE ME! PLEASE!
YOU'LL NEVER WRECK ANOTHER LIFE, MARY CARROLL! THAT BOY'S YOUR LAST ATTEMPT!
THE PREACHER TOLD US THERE IS A MURDER GOIN' ON HERE
YES! HERE'S YOUR MURDERER!
THIS IS ONE TIME THAT YOUR DEVILISH WILES WON'T SAVE YOU!----- TAKE HER AWAY!
NO! NO!
ONE WEEK LATER
BOB, I READ THAT MARY CARROLL WAS CONVICTED!
SHE DESERVES IT! THE HANGMAN WARNED HER!


THE NEW
SHIELD-WIZARD
NO. 6
COMES TO
YOU
WITH A
BANG
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS NOW!
GRIMLY THE BOY DE-TECTIVE, DUSTY BATTLED AGAINST OVER-WHELMING ODDS IN "ONE NIGHT OF TERROR"
THE BREATH OF DEATH WAS HOT ON JU JU WATSON'S FACE WHEN THE SHIELD CAME CHARG-ING TO HIS RESCUE AGAINST "THE HOODED PLAGUE"
THE WIZARD FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE INSANE DOCTOR WHO BE-LIEVED "THE DEAD CAN WALK AGAIN"


The HANGMAN
SPECIAL CASE NO. 2
TONY! THAT CLOWN! DON'T YOU SEE ANYTHING FAMILAR ABOUT HIM?
LINDA, HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU, NO!
THE CROWD ROARS AT THE ANTICS OF THE CLOWN, LITTLE CARING THAT BENEATH THE MOTLEY DRESS BEATS A HEART THAT KNOWS AS MUCH OF TEARS AND SORROW AS IT DOES OF LAUGHTER!


THE PERFORMANCE OVER THE CLOWN REMOVES HIS MAKEUP -
DEAR LINDA, IN A LITTLE WHILE I SHALL BE WITH YOU AGAIN. I LOVE YOU SO!
I WONDER IF SHE'LL MIND WHEN SHE FINDS OUT I'M ONLY A CLOWN, PROBABLY NOT. I'M PRETTY SURE SHE LOVES ME!
THE DOOR IS OPENED SLIGHTLY AND THE GIRL LOOKS IN!
I KNEW IT --- I SUSPECTED HE WAS THE SAME ONE WHEN I SAW HIM WALK INTO THE EMPLOYEE'S ENTRANCE!
HA! HA! HA! WAIT 'TIL TONY HEARS THIS ONE. WHAT A LAUGH!!
THIS'LL KILL YOU, TONY! YOU KNOW THAT CHAP I TOLD YOU I'VE BEEN SEEING WHO SAID HE WAS A WALL ST. BROKER - WELL -
WELL WHAT?
WELL, HE'S THE CLOWN AT THE JINGLING BROTHERS CIRCUS!
WHAT? A CLOWN? WELL, I'LL BE -


WAIT 'TIL THAT DASHING ROMEO GETS HERE. WILL I HAVE FUN?
HELLO, LINDA, DARLING!
HELLO CHARLES!
DIDN'T LILY DONS PLAY BEAUTIFULLY, CHARLES?
I DON'T KNOW, LINDA, I WAS TOO BUSY LOOKING AT YOU TO LISTEN!
PLEASE MARRY ME, LINDA. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!
YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, CHARLES!
I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL BE ABLE TO WAIT BUT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO. GOOD NIGHT, DARLING!
GOOD NIGHT, CHARLES!
WELL, WHAT HAPPENED, LINDA? HAVE YOU TOLD THAT PHONY OFF, YET?
YOU MUST COME OVER, TONY, IT'S TOO FUNNY TO TELL OVER THE PHONE!

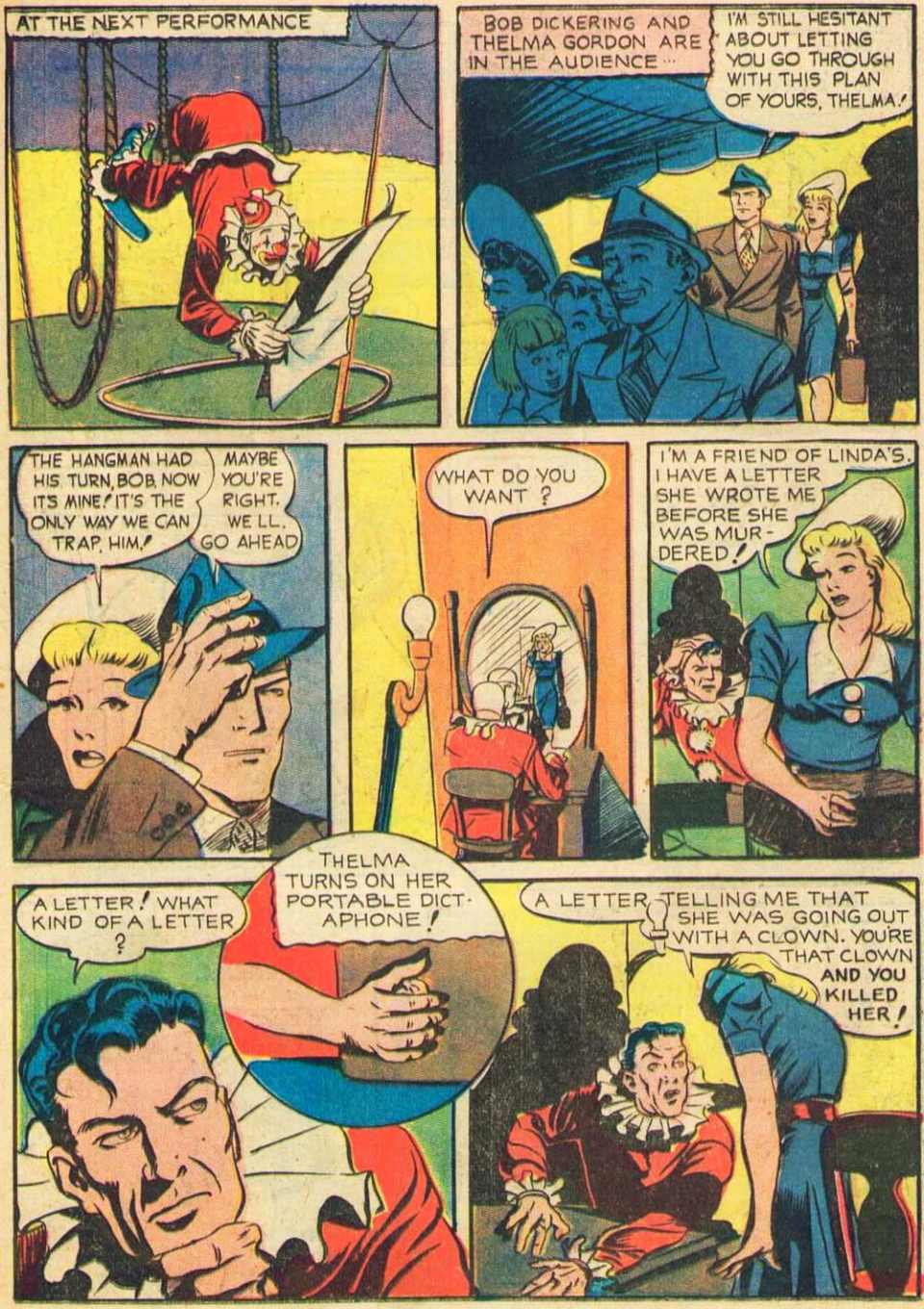

QUICK, TONY! I THINK THAT SAP'S COMING BACK!
WELL, LINDA, YOU'VE HAD A LONG TIME TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND!
WHY, I DID NOT. YOU'VE BEEN GONE LESS THAN AN HOUR!
LINDA, DON'T KEEP ME WAITING ANY LONGER. I CAN'T STAND IT!
DON'T BE SO IMPETUOUS, CHARLES!
LINDA, YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE TAKING ME SERIOUSLY. I ADORE YOU! WON'T YOU MARRY ME PLEASE?
HA, HA, HA! DON'T, CHARLES. IF I LAUGH ANY MORE I'LL BURST. ME MARRY YOU. A CLOWN! THE IDEA IS A SCREAM!
YOU KNOW?
YOU KNEW ALL ALONG! YOU KNEW! YOU KNEW!
HEE! HEE!
OF COURSE I KNEW, BUT IT WAS JUST TOO PRECIOUS TO GIVE AWAY! THE WAY YOU CARRIED ON!
HA! HA! HA!


YOU KNEW I WAS A CLOWN! YOU WERE LAUGHING AT ME ALL THE TIME!
THE WHOLE WORLD IS ALWAYS LAUGHING AT ME! I'M A CLOWN! WHY SHOULDN'T THEY LAUGH?
BUT NOW, IT'S MY TURN TO LAUGH! YES, I'LL LAUGH ON YOUR GRAVE DIE! DIE!
WH...WHAT HAVE I DONE?... I'VE KILLED THE GIRL I LOVED!
I SAW IT ALL YOU MURDERER!
WELL, YOU'LL NEVER TELL ABOUT IT.
YOU WERE LAUGHING WITH HER, WEREN'T YOU? I'LL FREEZE THAT LAUGH ON YOUR LIPS FOR ALL ETERNITY!
NOW, THEY TOO, SHALL BE CLOWNS! THEY TOO, SHALL HAVE FACES PEOPLE WILL LAUGH AT!


AH, HER LIPSTICK. JUST WHAT I WANT!
HERE'S A FUNNY MAKEUP FOR YOU, PLAYBOY - A CLOWN'S MAKE-UP!
SOMEBODY'S COMING. I'LL GET OUT THE BACK AWAY!
HELLO, MARY. IS LINDA IN?
WHY, YES, MISS GORDON. SHE'S IN THE DRAWING ROOM!
E-E-E-E!
LINDA AND TONY! THEY'VE BEEN MURDERED, BOB! IT'S HORRIBLE!
HMM AND THEIR FACES WERE PAINTED LIKE GRINNING CLOWNS, YOU SAY ?
THERE MAY BE SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS AND LINDA'S FREQUENT VISITS TO THE CIRCUS. AND THAT'S WHERE THE HANGMAN'S GOING RIGHT NOW!
THEY'RE MADE UP AS CLOWNS. I WONDER WHO HAD THIS GRUESOME IDEA!


WHILE AT THE CIRCUS
BLAST THEIR GRINNING FACES! HOW I WISH I COULD WIPE THEM OFF FOREVER, LIKE I DID LINDA'S AND TONY'S.
THEN THE FIRST PANGS OF REMORSE, STAB AT THE CLOWN ----- AND BEHIND THE MOTLEY AND THE PAINT IS A MIND IN TORMENT AND A HEART SODDEN WITH GRIEF.
HA! HA! BOY, OH BOY, THAT CLOWN'S A RIOT LOOK AT HIM SITTING THERE BAWLING!
LAUGHTER, LAUGHTER! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY. I MUST PULL MYSELF TOGETHER!
BEFORE I DO ANYTHING ELSE, I'D BETTER DESTROY ANYTHING WHICH MIGHT CONNECT ME WITH LINDA.
HER LETTER! WHERE IS THE LETTER SHE ONCE WROTE ME!
NOW, THERE WON'T BE A SHRED OF EVIDENCE AGAINST ME! I THE CLOWN SHALL LAUGH LAST AFTER ALL!
SUDDENLY: THE HANGMAN ---
MAYBE YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THE LAST LAUGH!
YOU! THE HANGMAN!


GIVE ME THAT!
TRY AND GET IT!
THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO USUALLY HAS THE LAST LAUGH ON KILLERS---- THE HANGMAN!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ANYTHING ON ME! HANGMAN
AND I SAY I SHALL!
POW
NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT HE WAS BURNING!
TOO LATE! HA HA. IT'S BURNED TO A CRISP!
ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN THIS HAND BUT IF YOU'VE DONE WHAT I THINK- YOUR GOOSE IS COOKED.... YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE HANG-MAN!


AT THE NEXT PERFORMANCE
BOB DICKERING AND THELMA GORDON ARE IN THE AUDIENCE ···
I'M STILL HESITANT ABOUT LETTING YOU GO THROUGH WITH THIS PLAN OF YOURS, THELMA!
THE HANGMAN HAD HIS TURN, BOB, NOW IT'S MINE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN TRAP HIM!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. WE'LL GO AHEAD
WHAT DO YOU WANT ?
I'M A FRIEND OF LINDA'S. I HAVE A LETTER SHE WROTE ME BEFORE SHE WAS MURDERED!
A LETTER! WHAT KIND OF A LETTER ?
THELMA TURNS ON HER PORTABLE DICTAPHONE!
A LETTER TELLING ME THAT SHE WAS GOING OUT WITH A CLOWN. YOU'RE THAT CLOWN AND YOU KILLED HER!


HA! THEN YOU KNOW! VERY WELL, BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ABOUT IT!
THE NEEDLE RASPS ON THE DICTAPHONE ---
WHAT'S THAT NOISE ?
A DICTAPHONE! IT'S BEEN TAKING DOWN WHAT I JUST SAID!
I'LL SMASH IT TO BITS!
AGH! THE HANG-MAN!
YOU CAN'T DESTROY THE EVIDENCE THIS TIME. THAT RECORD WON'T BREAK.


YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, HANGMAN!
NEVER, NEVER! MY CRIME WAS JUSTIFIED AND I WILL NOT DIE FOR IT!
HE'S FAST, ALL RIGHT, BUT IT WON'T DO HIM ANY GOOD!
HE WON'T GET AWAY, THAT WAY!
IT'LL BE EASIER FOR YOU IF YOU COME DOWN!
NOW, YOU DIE, HANGMAN!
E-E-E-E HE'S KICKING HIM OFF THE LADDER!


BUT AS HE FALLS THE HANGMAN GRABS A TRAPEZE---
I'LL GET HIM, NOW!
HE HAS A CHARMED LIFE. I MUST GET AWAY!
DESPERATELY, FRANTICALLY THE CLOWN TRIES TO ESCAPE... WITH THE HANGMAN IN GRIM PURSUIT.
WROUGHT UP TO A WILD PITCH THE CLOWN'S FEVERED BRAIN AT LAST CRACKS, AND FACES SWIM BEFORE HIS EYES MOCKING, GRINNING FACES!
WHY WON'T THEY STOP LAUGHING AT ME!
OVERCOME BY DIZZINESS - HE FALLS -
AGH-H-H
HE THOUGHT HE HAD THE RIGHT TO AVENGE HIMSELF ON THOSE WHO WRONGED HIM BUT MURDER CAN NEVER BE JUSTIFIED!
HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S FINALLY FOUND PEACE!


The HANGMAN
SPECIAL CASE No. 3
DOOMED BY HIS OWN CONTRIVANCE IN A DARING ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE FROM THE HANGMAN, THE JACKAL'S HEART IS FILLED WITH MORTAL DREAD AS DEATHS ABYSS YAWNS BEFORE HIM. YET, A LUCKY STAR SEEMS TO DOG THE FOOTSTEPS OF THIS ENEMY OF ALL DECENT MEN---
-AND AS HE DANGLES IN MID-AIR LOSING THE LAST BREATH OF LIFE----THE ROPE SUDDENLY-- SNAPS --
Lucey


-AND HE PLUMMETS DOWN - DOWN ---
DESPERATELY CLUTCHES AT A PROTRUDING FLAG-POLE-
AND HIS FALL IS BROKEN---
I'M ALIVE, ALIVE, AFTER A FALL LIKE THAT! IT'S A SIGN THE JACKAL'S NUMBER ISN'T UP YET!
I MUST GET FIXED UP BY A SAWBONES AND THEN I'VE GOT A LOT TO DO -- PLENTY TO DO-ESPECIALLY TO THE HANGMAN!
ARGH-OH-MY SHOULDER. IT MUST BE BROKEN-BUT I GOTTA KEEP GOIN'-IF I STOP HERE I'LL ROT BEFORE I'M FOUND!
WHAT'S THIS JOINT?
I CAN'T GO IT ANY LONGER-I GOTTA GET FIXED UP-I JUST GOTTA!
I'LL TAKE A CHANCE! MAYBE THESE GUYS WON'T TURN ME IN-ARGH-THE PAIN-IT'S KILLING ME!


EXHAUSTED. THE JACKAL DROPS IN HIS TRACKS-
WHO COULD BE RINGING THE BELL AT THIS ODD HOUR?
GOOD HEAVENS! THE POOR MAN'S BEEN BADLY HURT!
BROTHERS! HELP ME TAKE THIS POOR MAN IN! HE SEEMS TO HAVE HAD A BAD ACCIDENT!
THE JACKAL IS CARRIED INTO THE PEACEFUL INTERIOR OF AN OLD MONASTERY---
ABBOT! I'VE STRANGE NEWS. A MAN - A LAYMAN WAS FOUND AT OUR DOORSTEP-- BADLY HURT!
WE MUST NOT STAND HERE TALKING, BROTHERS. OUR DUTY IS TO BRING HIM BACK TO HEALTH AS FAST AS POSSIBLE. WE WILL FIND OUT WHENCE HE CAME TO US LATER!
YOU, BROTHER JOHN, BE HIS NURSE AND SEE THAT HE IS TENDED WELL!


THE JACKAL LIES HELPLESS FOR DAYS-AND THEN UNDER THE KIND CARE OF THE MONKS, BEGINS -- SLOWLY TO RECOVER--
I WONDER WHAT KIND OF PLACE THIS IS ? LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE A MONASTERY!
ANYWAY-I CAN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE FOOD-AND THERE'S PLENTY OF IT!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY SON? /OU'RE NOT WELL ENOUGH TO BE UP AND ABOUT!
I'M LEAVING. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
INNOCENTLY, THE KINDLY ABBOT PERSUADES THE JACKAL TO STAY UNTIL HE HAS FULLY RECOVERED--
HMM! NOT BAD! THIS IS ONE PLACE THE POLICE WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME!
IF THESE GUYS ONLY KNEW WHO WAS EATING WITH THEM!
OUR LATEST NOVICE, ABBOT, IS AN IDEAL WORKER AND A PIOUS MAN!
GOOD, HE SHALL BE ONE OF US, THEN!


SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE CITY BROTHER? THE CHANGE'LL DO YOU GOOD?
COUNT ME IN! I'D LIKE THAT FINE!
IN A CREAKING, ANCIENT CAR, THE TRUSTING MONK AND THE BLACK-HEARTED JACKAL MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE CITY---
WAIT HERE FOR ME, BROTHER! AS SOON AS I'VE DELIVERED THE MONASTERY'S FLOWERS WE'LL START BACK!
I'LL WAIT!
HMM... MIGHT AS WELL PUT MY SPARE TIME TO SOME USE AND GET MYSELF SOME SPARE CHANGE!
JOHN STRONG, BROKER, EH? THE OLD BUZZARD DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE'S GOING TO BE MEASURED FOR A PINE BOX IN A FEW HOURS!
AH, MR. STRONG, I BELIEVE, I WONDER IF YOU'D CARE TO DONATE SOME SMALL SUM TO OUR POOR MONASTERY!
I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE SOMETHING BUT I'VE ALREADY CLOSED THE SAFE. WILL YOU WAIT?
THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY THERE, MISTER. YOU'D PROBABLY OBJECT IF I ASKED FOR ALL OF IT!


WHAT A HAUL - AND I'LL BE BACK BEFORE I'M MISSED!
ASSUMING A MEDITATIVE AIR, THE JACKAL WAITS FOR THE MONK---
I'M SORRY I KEPT YOU SO LONG, BROTHER. DID YOU MIND WAITING?
IT WAS A PLEASURE!
WITH THE MONASTERY AS A HIDEOUT, THE JACKAL NOW GOES FORWARD NIGHTLY -- TO THIEVERY AND BRUTAL MURDER---
THIS REAR ENTRANCE MAKES IT A PERFECT SET-UP!
TRUST
BANK


HA, HA! MYSTERIOUS CRIME WAVE HITS CITY! THAT'S GOOD! AND ME LIVIN' HERE WITH NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
PLENTY OF SUGAR AT THAT RACKET. I'M GOING TO BE THERE.
CHARITY BALL TONIGHT
AMONG GUESTS WILL BE--
MR. AND MRS. J.P. SOCKFELLER
MR. AND MRS. R.Q. MORGAN
MR. AND MRS. JAMES DUMONT
PRETENDING THAT HIS MONK'S GARB IS A BALL COSTUME THE JACKAL GAINS EASY ENTRANCE--
BOB DICKERING AND THELMA GORDON ENTER THE BALLROOM---
THAT GIRL! SHE'S ALWAYS WITH THE HANGMAN - AND SHE'S ALSO ALWAYS WITH THIS DICKERING!
WELL, LET'S GO IN AND I'LL STEP ON YOUR TOES!
IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THAT DICKERING AND THE HANGMAN ARE ONE AND THE SAME. ANYWAY, WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE BY KILLING HIM?
TAKE THIS NOTE TO THAT TALL MAN IN THE FOYER!
YES SIR!
EXCUSE ME THELMA, SOMEBODY WANTS ME ON THE TERRACE!
DON'T BE LONG!


I'M READY FOR YOU HANGMAN! HERE'S WHERE YOU GET SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!
WHA! WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?
HA. HA. HA. HA! HOW DO YOU LIKE HANGING BY YOUR NECK, HANGMAN?
I WONDER WHAT BOB'S DOING?
E-E-E-E-HELP!


WE CAME JUST IN TIME; ANOTHER MINUTE AND HE'D HAVE BEEN A GONER!
DAZED AND SHAKEN, BOB DICKERING LEAVES THE BALL ----
I ONLY HAD A GLIMPSE OF HIM BUT I COULD SWEAR THAT WAS THE JACKAL-AND WEARING A MONK'S COSTUME! I WONDER--
GOOD DAY, SIR. WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?
I'D LIKE TO SEE THE ABBOT!
I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE A CRIMINAL HAS SOMEHOW MANAGED TO BECOME ONE OF YOU!
INCREDIBLE! I CAN'T PERMIT YOU TO SEARCH HERE. IT'S AGAINST OUR RULES!
VERY WELL, THEN. IF YOU WILL CIRCULATE A RUMOR IN THE MONASTERY THAT A BISHOP WEARING A FABULOUS JEWEL WILL CELEBRATE A MASS AT THE CATHEDRAL I'M SURE THE MAN I WANT WILL COME OUT WHERE I WANT HIM!
I WISH TO ANNOUNCE, BROTHERS, THAT THE BISHOP OF BEORIA WILL CELEBRATE A MASS AT THE CATHEDRAL NEXT SUNDAY!
I WOULD LIKE TO ATTEND THE BISHOP'S MASS, BROTHER!
THEY SAY HE WEARS A JEWEL WORTH HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!


HIS-GREED AROUSED THE JACKAL LEAVES THE MONASTERY---
-AND WAITS IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL---
THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS IT'S THE HANGMAN!
I THOUGHT THAT STORY WOULD BRING YOU OUT-AND THIS TIME YOU'LL REALLY HANG!
DESPERATELY, THE JACKAL CLUTCHES AT THE RUNNING BOARD OF A PASSING CAR AND IS CARRIED AWAY----


AFTER THAT CAR! AND STEP ON IT!
THE HANGMAN PURSUES THE JACKAL TO THE MONASTERY---
IF I CAN GET IN BEFORE HE GETS HERE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TOUCH ME! THE MONKS WON'T LET HIM!
AGH! SOMEBODY SEALED THIS DOOR!
YOU'RE THROUGH, JACKAL!


HA! THE FOOL THINKS I'M STILL RUNNING!
SUDDENLY-HIS FOOT SLIPS---
HIS COWL CHOKES HIM TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AS HE STRUGGLES---
THE BRANCH BREAKS AND HE FALLS INTO A LYE PIT BELOW--
A LYE PIT! HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THAT!
I THINK I'VE GOT HIM!
THIS LYE FINISHED HIM QUICKLY! IT'S EATEN HIS FLESH AWAY!
LOOK! HIS OWN GIRDLE HAS TAKEN THE SHAPE OF A HANGMAN'S NOOSE! A FITTING SYMBOL FOR THE JACKAL'S END!

DEATH BY THE NOOSE
A HANGMAN STORY

The expression on the face of young Dan Wilson wrung the hearts of Thelma Gordon and Bob Dickering. Ashen white and distorted with grief his features were a mask of sorrow when they came upon him seated near the bed on which lay the earthly remains of Daniel Wilson,Sr. Thelma and Bob were shocked at the old man's sudden death. Only an hour ago Thelma had talked to him and he invited her down to get a story about the new plans for expanding his steel manufacturing plants. She had asked Bob along to keep her company and they had been met at the door by the distraught son of the steel tycoon.

"What on earth's happened?" Thelma had asked.

"My father!" young Wilson had muttered brokenly. "He just died."

"Oh, how awful," Thelma had said sympathetically. "What caused it?"

"His heart was bad," Dan whispered hoarsely. "But I never expected him to go so suddenly."

Thelma and Bob had insisted upon staying with him. The three had come into the bedroom just as the doctor was leaving. "Peculiar for a man like Mr. Wilson to go off that way," the doctor had said. "He was always so careful since I warned him about his weak heart. But I suppose he was working too hard and overtaxed his strength."

And now Thelma and Bob were staying with young Wilson and the corpse while they waited for the undertaker's people to arrive. Wilson continued to gaze at his father's face, seemingly dazed. Bob who, out of respect for the boy's feelings, had refrained from moving closer to the bed to look at the body, now came over with the intention of drawing the sheet up over the head. With the same shattered look on his face, young Wilson watched Bob absently as the latter took the sheet in his hand and drew it up. As the edge of the sheet scraped across the face, the eyelids suddenly opened. Bob started. With the lids open there was an expression of horror on Daniel Wilson,Sr.'s face that would have sent a shiver down the spine of a person without Dickering's steel nerves. It was an expression that seemed to exude the most abject terror and at the same time seemed to plead for mercy. Then for the briefest second Bob's eyes met young Dan Wilson's and a peculiar conviction went shooting through Dickering's brain -- a conviction he knew he would not be able to shake off.

Dickering covered the head with the sheet. Young Wilson seemed nervous somehow, now. Thelma suggested that there was no point to staying in the same room. The three went downstairs to the drawing room. They sat there carrying on a vague conversation about nothing in particular when suddenly they heard the front doorbell ring. A few minutes later the butler entered and whispered something to young Wilson who asked to be excused.

Alone with Thelma, Bob said, "I didn't like to say anything in the kid's

presence but if ever I saw a man who had died as the result of a sudden horrible fright, it was old Daniel Wilson."

"What in the world are you talking about?" Thelma wanted to know.

"Oh nothing," Bob said. "I was just thinking aloud. Excuse me for a minute, won't you Thelma?"

Seemingly aimlessly, Bob wandered out into the hall and sauntered down its length to stop near the door to the library. From inside came the voices of young Wilson and another man. "I told you today was the day," the man was saying, "and I want my dough, do you understand?"

Wilson's voice wash shrill. "Stop badgering me. I'll have it for you in a few days now that the old man's dead."

The other man chuckled. "Pretty neat, I call it ... getting the old man out of the way so conveniently."

"Wasn't it?" Wilson said, an unexpected iciness in his voice. "Just one of the things you've driven me to, you filthy vulture. If it hadn't been for you ---"

His voice broke and the other man was crying, "Drop that knife, you fool. I won't say anything."

Young Wilson was advancing toward him, knife in hand and death in his eyes. Suddenly he staggered back to the wall held out his hand as if to brush away the terrible shadow of The Gallows which fell across his dead white face.

"I heard that pretty story you just gave away," the Hangman was saying.

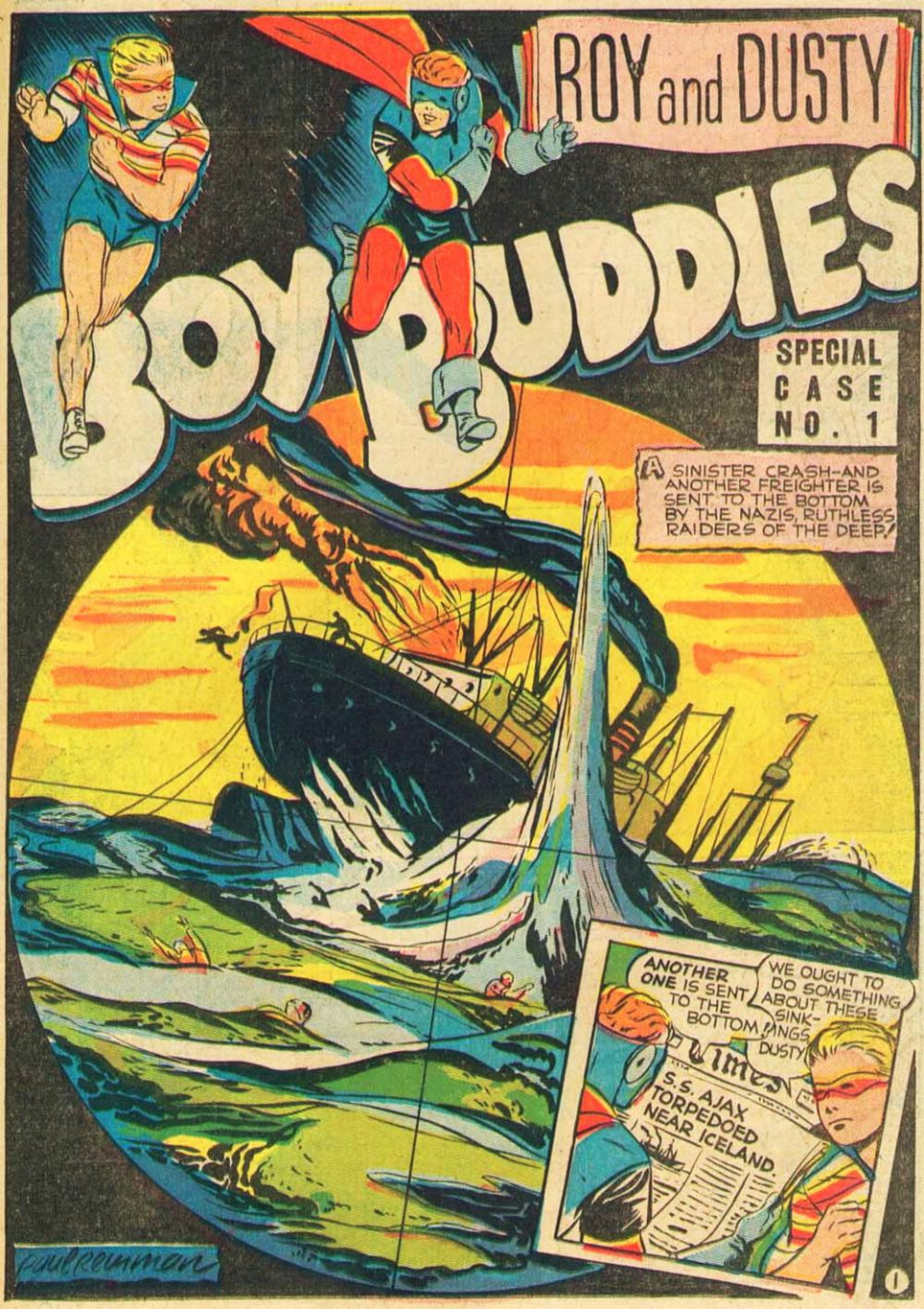
"You've got nothing on me," Wilson whimpered, pressing himself against the wall as if he meant to vanish through it.

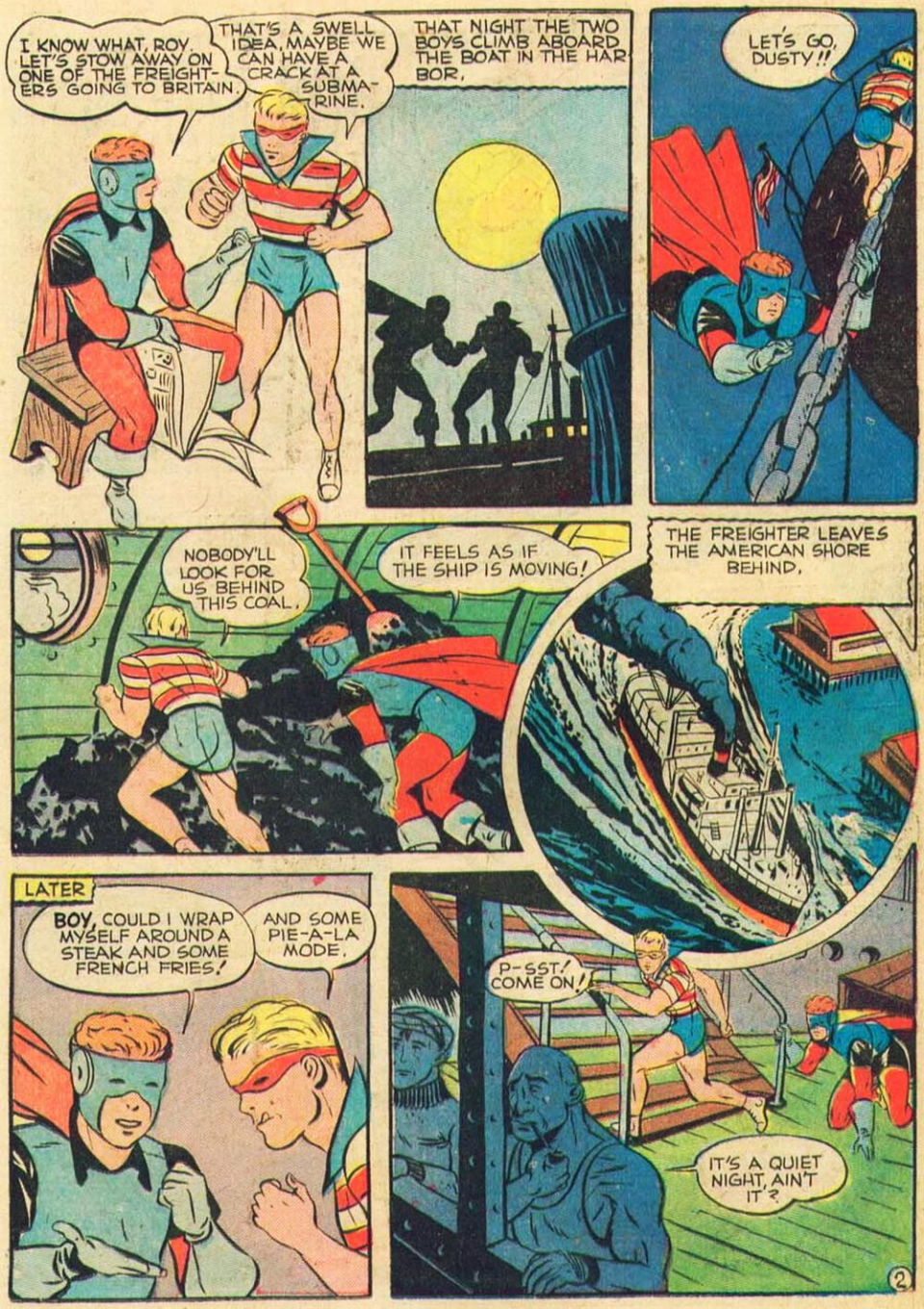
"Nothing except that somehow you managed to frighten your father to death."

The Hangman was only a few feet from Wilson now. "Didn't you?" he asked relentlessly. "Didn't you?"

Wilson was quaking with terror. "Yes," he croaked hoarsely. "I did. He'd have died soon anyway and I had all those gambling debts to pay. I pretended that I was going to stab him with the knife. He died of the shock."

The Hangman extended an arm toward him. "That's what I thought," he said. Suddenly the boy turned and ran for the open doorway. Like a flash the Hangman pursued him into one of the bedrooms in time to see him climb over the window ledge. Wilson was scrambling down the vine covered wall. And then, his hand slipped, he tumbled downward through the thorny vines...and suddenly he was brought up short. A long strand of the vine had twisted itself around his neck, and before the Hangman could get to him, Wilson was dead -- dead by the noose as the Hangman had warned Him!

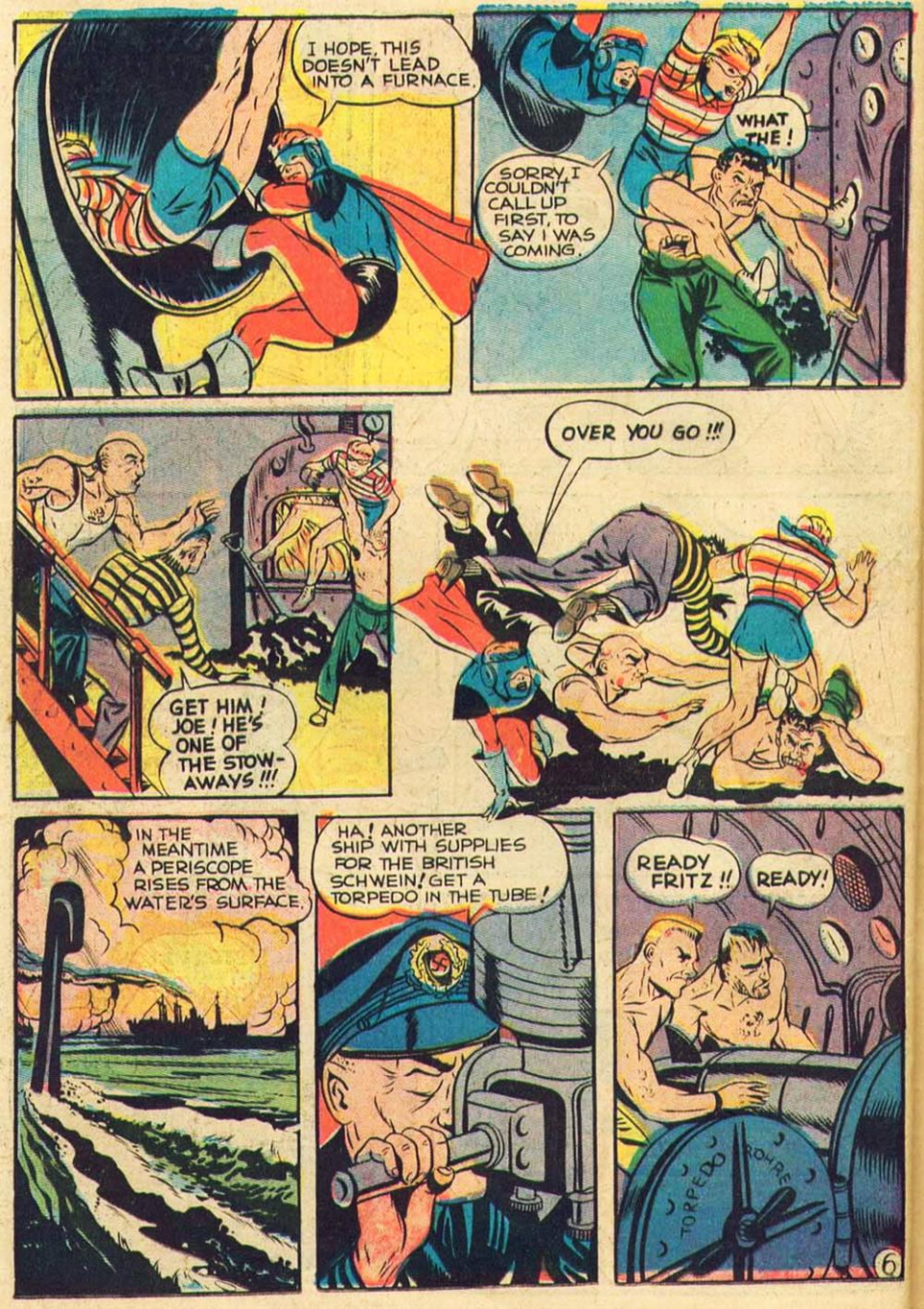

ROY and DUSTY
BOY BUDDIES
SPECIAL CASE NO. 1
A SINISTER CRASH—AND ANOTHER FREIGHTER IS SENT TO THE BOTTOM BY THE NAZIS, RUTHLESS RAIDERS OF THE DEEP!
ANOTHER ONE IS SENT TO THE BOTTOM.
WE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE SINK-INGS DUSTY
Times
S.S. AJAX TORPEDOED NEAR ICELAND.
Paul Reinman
1

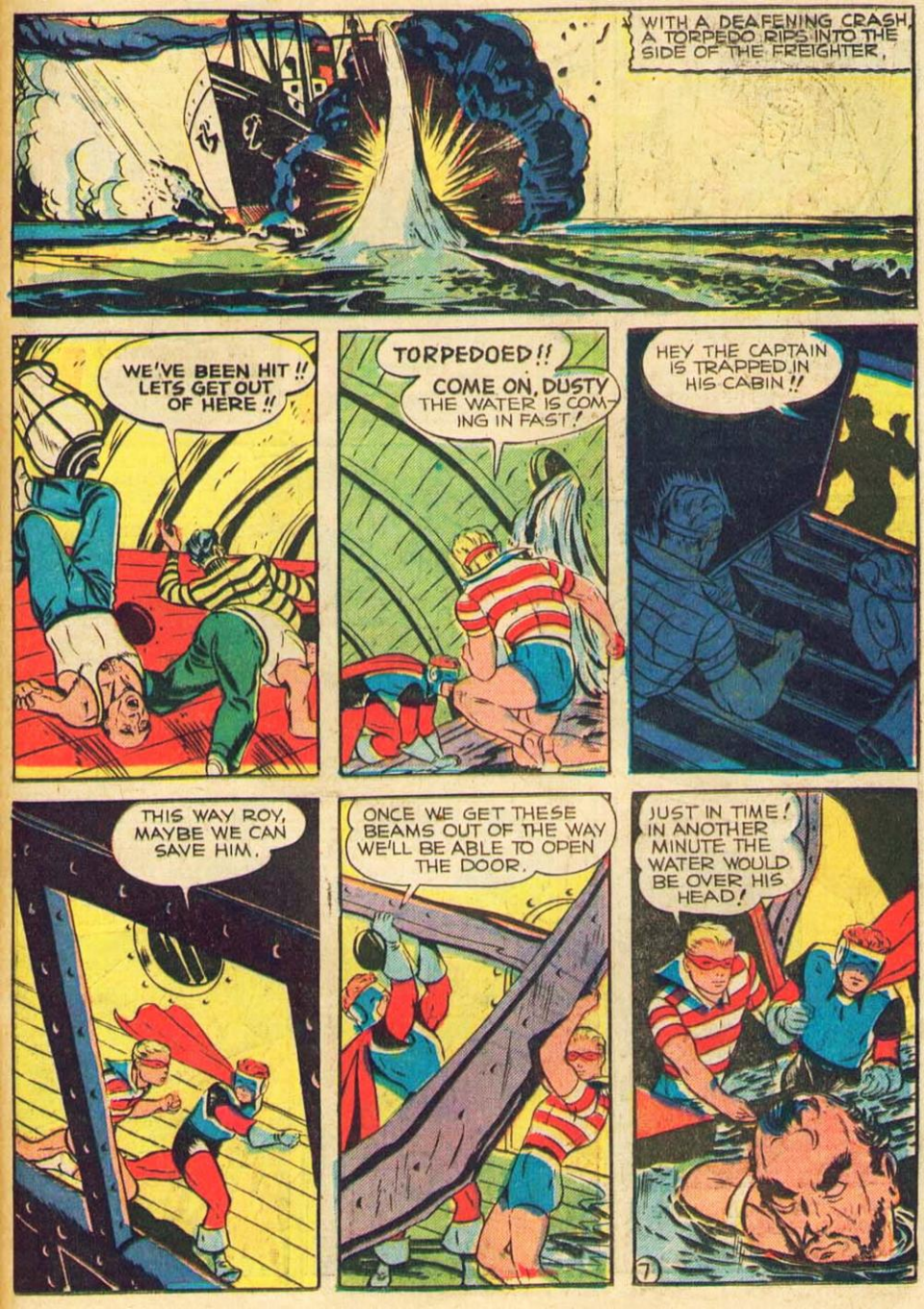

I KNOW WHAT, ROY. LET'S STOW AWAY ON ONE OF THE FREIGHTERS GOING TO BRITAIN.
THAT'S A SWELL IDEA, MAYBE WE CAN HAVE A CRACK AT A SUBMARINE.
THAT NIGHT THE TWO BOYS CLIMB ABOARD THE BOAT IN THE HARBOR.
LET'S GO, DUSTY!!
NOBODY'LL LOOK FOR US BEHIND THIS COAL.
IT FEELS AS IF THE SHIP IS MOVING!
THE FREIGHTER LEAVES THE AMERICAN SHORE BEHIND.
LATER
BOY, COULD I WRAP MYSELF AROUND A STEAK AND SOME FRENCH FRIES!
AND SOME PIE-A-LA MODE.
P-SST! COME ON!
IT'S A QUIET NIGHT, AIN'T IT?
2


SH---I'LL GO IN FIRST.
CAPTA
HE SOUNDS AS IF A TORPEDO COULDN'T WAKE HIM UP.
P-S-S-T THE SPEAKING TUBE IS OVER THERE.
WH-EE-E
WHO CAN ZAT BE?
IN THE COOK'S QUARTERS.
WHAT ZE DEVIL DO YOU WANT THEES TIME OF NIGHT!
HELLO, COOK. THIS IS THE CAPTAIN. BRING UP A BIG STEAK WITH FRENCH FRIED POTATOES, PIE A-LA' MODE AND COFFEE AND MAKE IT SNAPPY. I'M HUNGRY.
OUI, CAPTAIN CERTAINLY, SIR JUST AS YOU SAY, SIR.
3

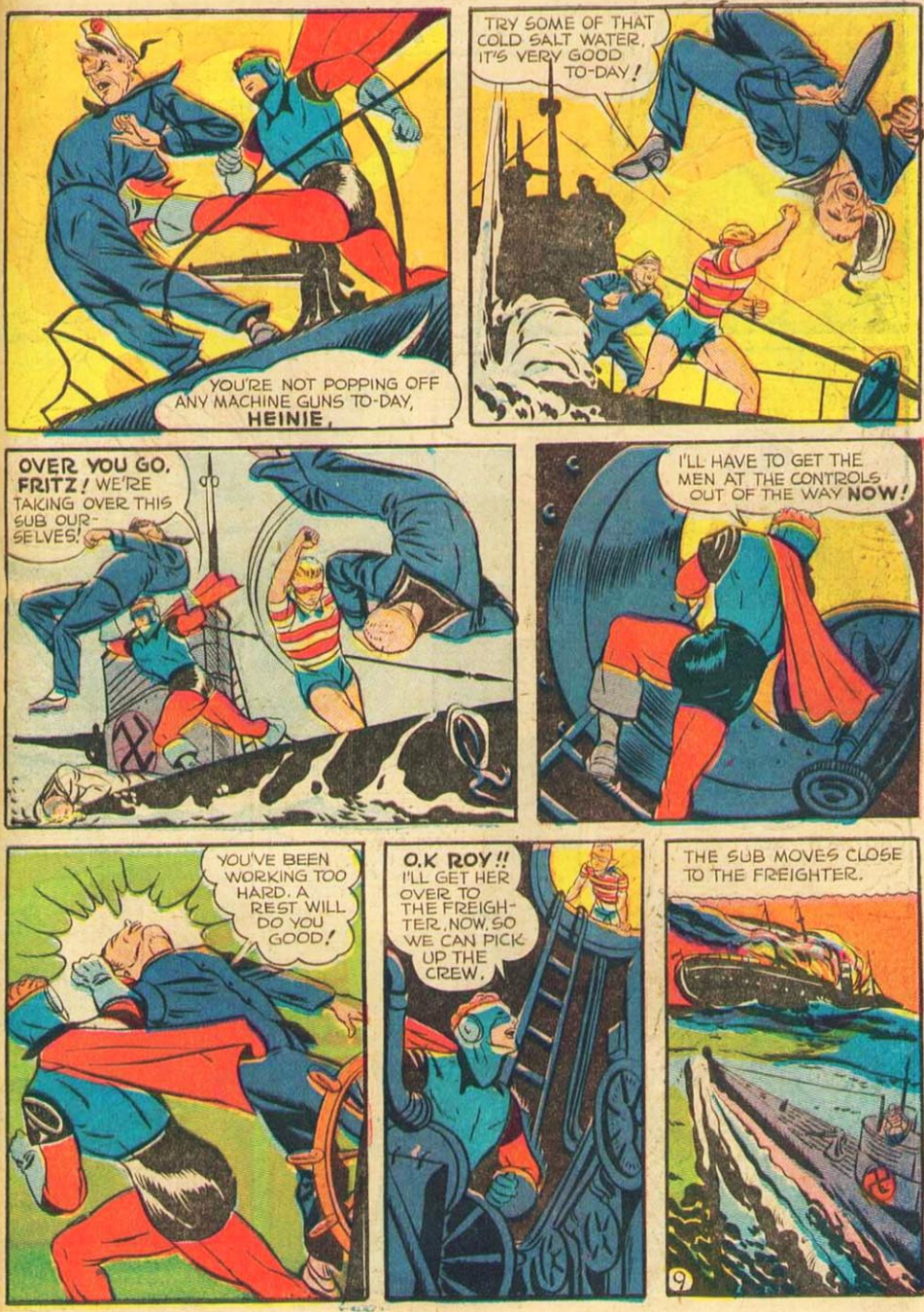

ZEES CAPTAIN, HE EAT LIKE A HORSE, BUT WHAT CAN I DO? I AM ONLY ZE COOK. I MUST OBEY.
MAYBE HE CHOKE ON MY WONDERFUL STEAK! ZAT WOULD BE NICE.
CAPTAIN
O.K. PAL. I'LL TAKE IT IN TO THE CAPTAIN.
OUI!
MY SLEEP--- SHE EES ALL BROKEN UP--- BUT WHAT CARES THE CAPTAIN- SO LONG HE HAVE ZE STEAK.
THIS SURE IS GOOD, THAT COOK KNOWS HIS BUSINESS EVEN IF HE DOES LOOK DUMB.
IT'S BETTER THAN THE RITZ!
OOH-LA-LA-LA-LA-ZAT BOY, I GEEV ZE STEAK TO--- WHO WAS HE?
PARDON CAPTAIN, DID YOU GET YOUR STEAK?
STEAK! WHAT STEAK?
FRANCOIS! YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING AGAIN. I WON'T HAVE IT! DO YOU HEAR!
PARBLEU BUT, I TELL YOU MON CAPITAINE! IT EES SO!
4


I THINK THAT COOK IS NUTS, BUT HE SAYS THERE ARE STOWAWAYS ON BOARD.
I HEARD SOMEBODY MOVE BACK THERE.
YOU DIDN'T FIND US, WE FOUND YOU!
C'MON DOWN, YOU TWO, OR I'LL PULL YOU DOWN!
OUCH!!!
NOT THIS TIME, YOU WON'T!
WANNA PLAY LEAP FROG?
BOY, WAS THAT A LAUGH!
COME ON DUSTY, WE'LL FOOL EM!
STOP, YOU TWO.- OR IT'LL BE TOO BAD FOR YA!
LET'S SEE YOU CATCH US!!

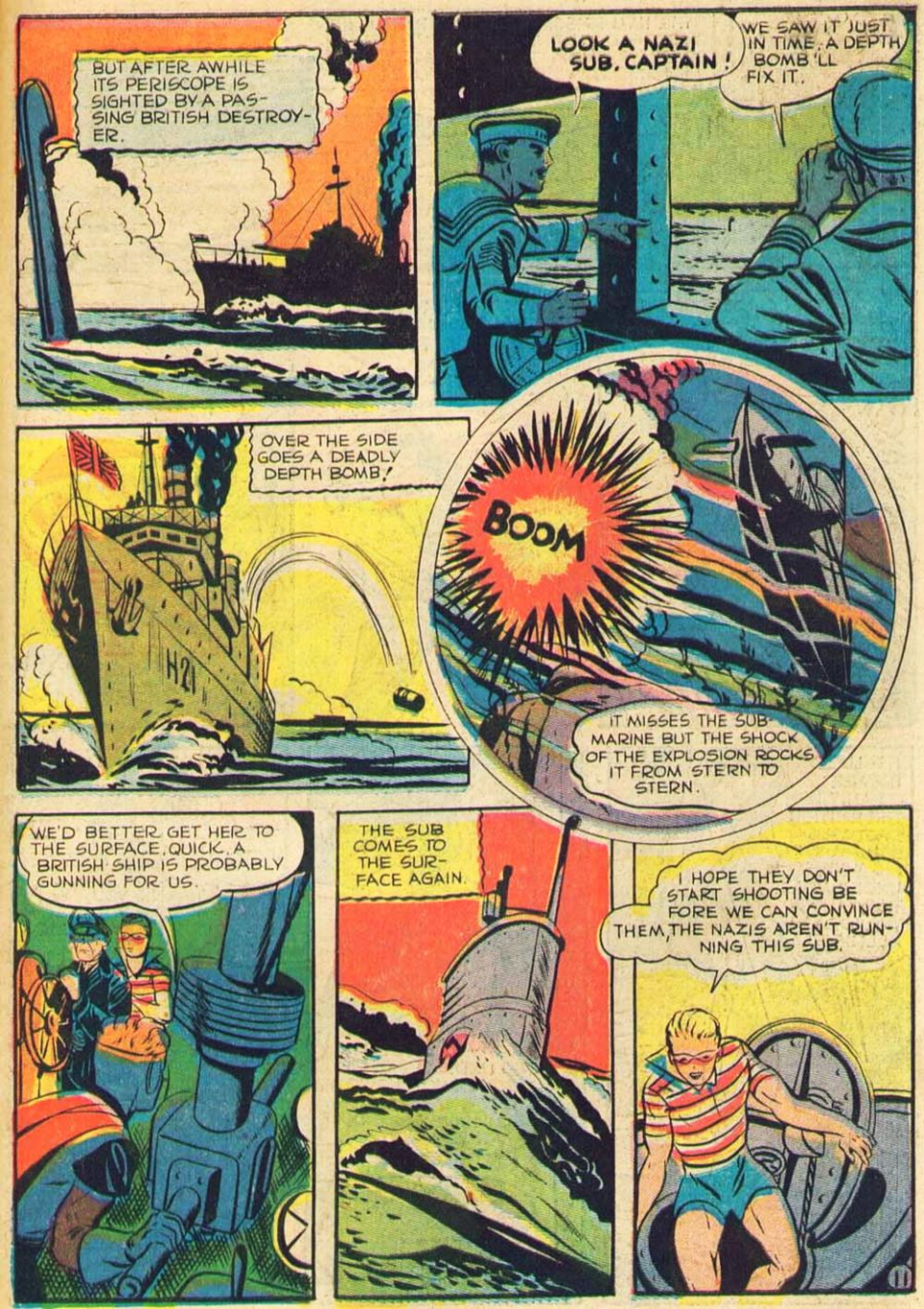

I HOPE, THIS DOESN'T LEAD INTO A FURNACE.
WHAT THE!
SORRY I COULDN'T CALL UP FIRST, TO SAY I WAS COMING.
GET HIM! JOE! HE'S ONE OF THE STOW-AWAYS!!!
OVER YOU GO!!!
IN THE MEANTIME A PERISCOPE RISES FROM THE WATER'S SURFACE.
HA! ANOTHER SHIP WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE BRITISH SCHWEIN! GET A TORPEDO IN THE TUBE!
READY FRITZ!!
READY!
TORPEDO
ROHRE
6


WITH A DEAFENING CRASH, A TORPEDO RIPS INTO THE SIDE OF THE FREIGHTER.
WE'VE BEEN HIT !! LETS GET OUT OF HERE !!
TORPEDOED !!
COME ON, DUSTY THE WATER IS COMING IN FAST!
HEY THE CAPTAIN IS TRAPPED IN HIS CABIN !!
THIS WAY ROY, MAYBE WE CAN SAVE HIM.
ONCE WE GET THESE BEAMS OUT OF THE WAY WE'LL BE ABLE TO OPEN THE DOOR.
JUST IN TIME! IN ANOTHER MINUTE THE WATER WOULD BE OVER HIS HEAD!
7


HE'S UNCONSCIOUS BUT I THINK HE'LL BE ALLRIGHT.
TAKE CARE OF THE CAPTAIN, SAILOR, WE HAVE A JOB TO DO.
LET'S GO ROY !!
THE BOYS LEAP OVER THE SIDE OF THE BOAT INTO THE WATER.
IN THE MEANTIME THE SUBMARINE HAS COME TO THE SURFACE.
HA ! A SHIPLOAD LESS FOR THE BRITISH. LOOK AT THE WAY SHE SINKS. GUT, YA ?
FIRE ON DOSE SAILORS MIT DE MACHINE GUNS !!
VE SHOW DOSE FELLERS IT ISN'T SAFE TO CARRY SUPPLIES TO AN ENEMY OF THE REICH.
THE SAILORS ABANDON THE DOOMED FREIGHTER.
8


YOU'RE NOT POPPING OFF ANY MACHINE GUNS TO-DAY, HEINIE.
TRY SOME OF THAT COLD SALT WATER, IT'S VERY GOOD TO-DAY!
OVER YOU GO, FRITZ! WE'RE TAKING OVER THIS SUB OUR-SELVES!
I'LL HAVE TO GET THE MEN AT THE CONTROLS OUT OF THE WAY NOW!
YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD. A REST WILL DO YOU GOOD!
O.K ROY!! I'LL GET HER OVER TO THE FREIGHTER, NOW, SO WE CAN PICK UP THE CREW.
THE SUB MOVES CLOSE TO THE FREIGHTER.
9


AND THE MEN FROM THE DOOMED SHIP MAKE FOR THE SUBMARINE
O.K. SAILORS COME A-BOARD, THE SUB IS OURS.
I MUST GET AWAY FROM THE LITTLE DEVILS, DEY ARE TOO MUCH FOR ME.
NO SO FAST, THERE, KNOCK-WURST! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
SKUNKS LIKE YOU DON'T GET AWAY THAT EASY!!
THAT TAKES CARE OF OUR MEN, ROY! THEY'RE ALL ON BOARD NOW
BOY, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU KIDS, WE'D HAVE BEEN GONERS.
I DON'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT A SUB, I'LL JUST HANG ONTO THIS WHEEL UNTIL THE CAPTAIN OF OUR FREIGHTER COMES TO!
THE SUBMARINE IS LATER SUBMERGED AGAIN.


BUT AFTER AWHILE ITS PERISCOPE IS SIGHTED BY A PASSING BRITISH DESTROYER.
LOOK A NAZI SUB, CAPTAIN!
WE SAW IT JUST IN TIME. A DEPTH BOMB 'LL FIX IT.
OVER THE SIDE GOES A DEADLY DEPTH BOMB!
H21
BOOM
IT MISSES THE SUBMARINE BUT THE SHOCK OF THE EXPLOSION ROCKS IT FROM STERN TO STERN.
WE'D BETTER GET HER TO THE SURFACE, QUICK. A BRITISH SHIP IS PROBABLY GUNNING FOR US.
THE SUB COMES TO THE SURFACE AGAIN.
I HOPE THEY DON'T START SHOOTING BEFORE WE CAN CONVINCE THEM, THE NAZIS AREN'T RUNNING THIS SUB.


THE NAZI PRISONERS ARE HERDED ONTO THE DECK, IN THE HOPE THAT THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH VESSEL WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS HAPPENED
H21
ONE OF THEM BREAKS HIS BONDS.
YOU FORGOT TO TAKE MINE GUN, SCHWEIN, NOW YOU DIE !!
NOT YET FRITZ, MAYBE THIS'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND FOR YOU !!
WITH HIS CLOTHES OFF, HE'LL MAKE A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR A TRUCE FLAG. BOY, LOOK AT THOSE LONG B.V.D'S.
IT'S LUCKY THEY'RE CLEAN. WHEN THE BRITISH SPOT THIS SAUSAGE IN HIS WHITE UNDERWEAR THEY'LL GET THE IDEA ALLRIGHT.
HA, HA, HA LOOK AT THAT CHAP STRUNG UP IN HIS UNDERWEAR. I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DID IT, BUT OUR SIDE MUST HAVE TAKEN OVER THE U-BOAT.
12
LATER ON BOARD THE BRITISH SHIP---
THAT WAS GREAT WORK, BOYS. YOU'LL GET A VICTORIA CROSS FOR THIS.
THANK YOU, SIR IT WAS WELL WORTH DOING JUST FOR THE FUN WE HAD.
SOME FUN HEY GANG, PLENTY MORE IN TOP NOTCH COMICS ON SALE NOW!

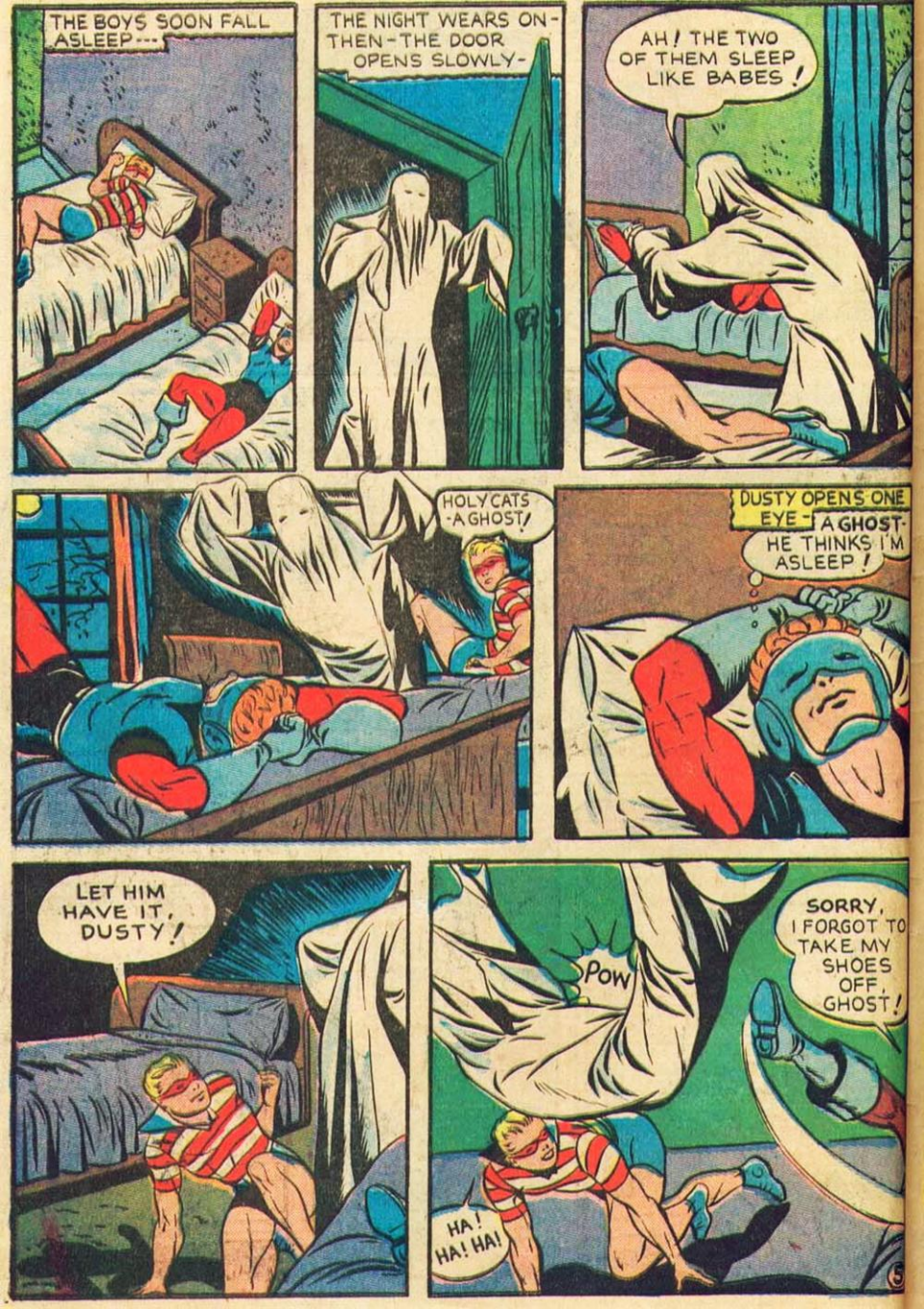

JACKPOT COMICS NO.4
PROUDLY ANNOUNCES A NEW ADDITION TO ITS FAMILY.....
...Archie... THIS ISSUE IS ON SALE RIGHT NOW!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING STEEL?
HA HA! SOME SHENANIGANS, BLACK HOOD!
HEY, SARGE WHAT'S GOIN' ON DOWN THERE, A CYCLONE?
HO, HO, HO!.. JUST LOOK AT THOSE TWO, WILL YOU SERGEANT BOYLE?
BE RIGHT BACK UP, MR. JUSTICE! ARCHIE LOOKS LIKE HE NEEDS SOME HELP!
JUGHEAD HANG ON TIGHT!
I.... I'M HANGIN', ARCHIE!
WOOF, WOOF!
PHTTT!


ROY THE SUPER-BOY
and
DUSTY THE AMAZING BOY DETECTIVE
BOY BUDDIES
SPECIAL CASE No. 2
BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD - THOSE TWO NEMESES OF ALL CRIMINALS - WORK ON THE SAME CASE ... AND HAVING CORNERED THEIR QUARRY, GIVE EACH OTHER A RIP-ROARING DEMONSTRATION OF THE TECHNIQUE THAT HAS MADE THEM FAMOUS ---
BOY, WHAT A SCRAP, AND THE WIZARD WOULDN'T LET ME IN ON IT!
SOCK
OWW
POW
THAT SHIELD! HE MUST THINK I'M GETTING SOFT OR SOMETHING, LEAVING ME OUT OF A FRACAS LIKE THAT!
BANG
SOCK
BOOM
BIFF
paul Rehman


HOW ARE YOU, WIZARD? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE AFTER THESE BIRDS OR WE COULD HAVE WORKED ON THE CASE TOGETHER!
WELL, WE DID A NICE JOB ON THEM, JUST THE SAME, SHIELD!
I'D BETTER BEAT IT BEFORE THE SHIELD COMES OUT AND SEES ME!
I'D BETTER GET GOING BEFORE THE WIZARD FINDS OUT I FOLLOWED HIM!
OW!
HEY! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
WHY, YOU'RE ROY! HELLO, THERE!
AND YOU'RE DUSTY!
DID THE SAME THING HAPPEN TO YOU? THE WIZARD WOULD NOT TAKE ME ALONG!
YES, AND IF YOU ASK ME WE OUGHT TO FIND A CASE FOR OURSELVES AND LEAVE THEM OUT!
LATER- HOT DIGGETY! THIS TELEGRAM COMES JUST IN TIME... WAIT'LL ROY HEARS ABOUT IT!
2

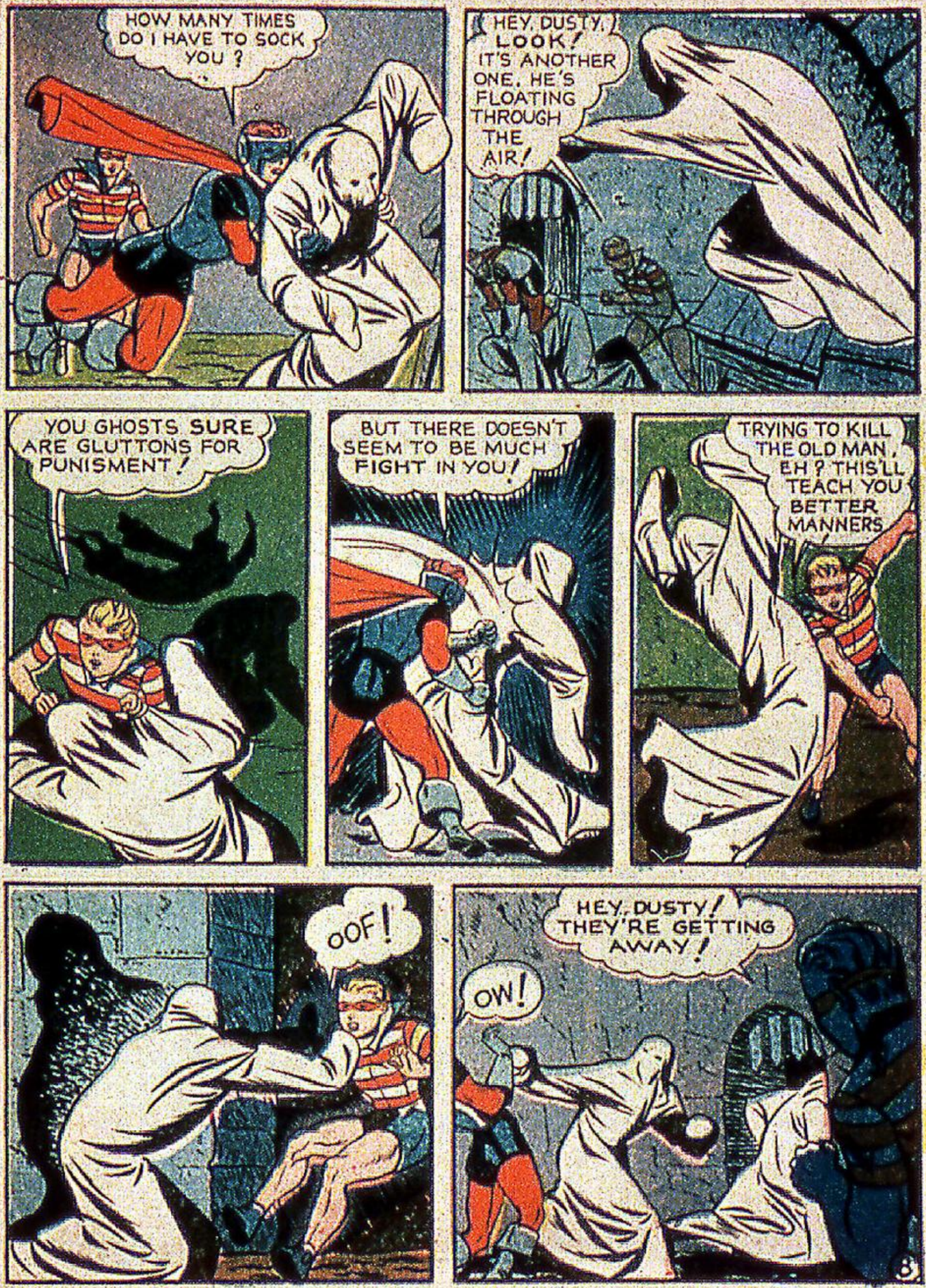

LISTEN, ROY I HAVE JUST THE THING FOR US. A FELLOW NAMED SNODGRASS OWNS A CASTLE AND THERE ARE GHOSTS IN IT. HE WANTS US TO GET THEM OUT!
GEE! THAT'S SWELL! LET'S GET GOING RIGHT AWAY!
THIS IS WHERE WE GET OFF, ROY. THE CASTLE IS RIGHT OVER THERE!
THIS PLACE SURE IS BIG!
LOOK, THE DOORS SWING BACK BY THEMSELVES!
SPOOKY, ALL RIGHT, ISN'T IT, DUSTY?
6


LISTEN TO THAT CREAKING ON THE STAIRS!
MAYBE IT'S ONE OF THE GHOSTS!
THERE'S SOMEBODY COMING, NOW. IT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD MAN!
AH, YOU HAVE ARRIVED, EH, MY YOUNG FRIENDS? WELCOME TO MY CASTLE!
HOW DO YOU DO, ROY!
MEET MY FRIEND, ROY, MR. SNODGRASS!
ACCORDING TO LEGEND, THE GHOSTS WHO HAVE HAUNTED THE CASTLE FOR CENTURIES, RETURN EVERY YEAR AT ABOUT THIS TIME. I FIGURE THEY SHOULD BE HERE TONIGHT!
BUT, UNTIL THEY COME, YOU BOYS MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME REST!
HECK, I THOUGHT WE'D GET SOME ACTION BUT I'LL BET NOTHING HAPPENS!
WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GET SOME SHUT-EYE!

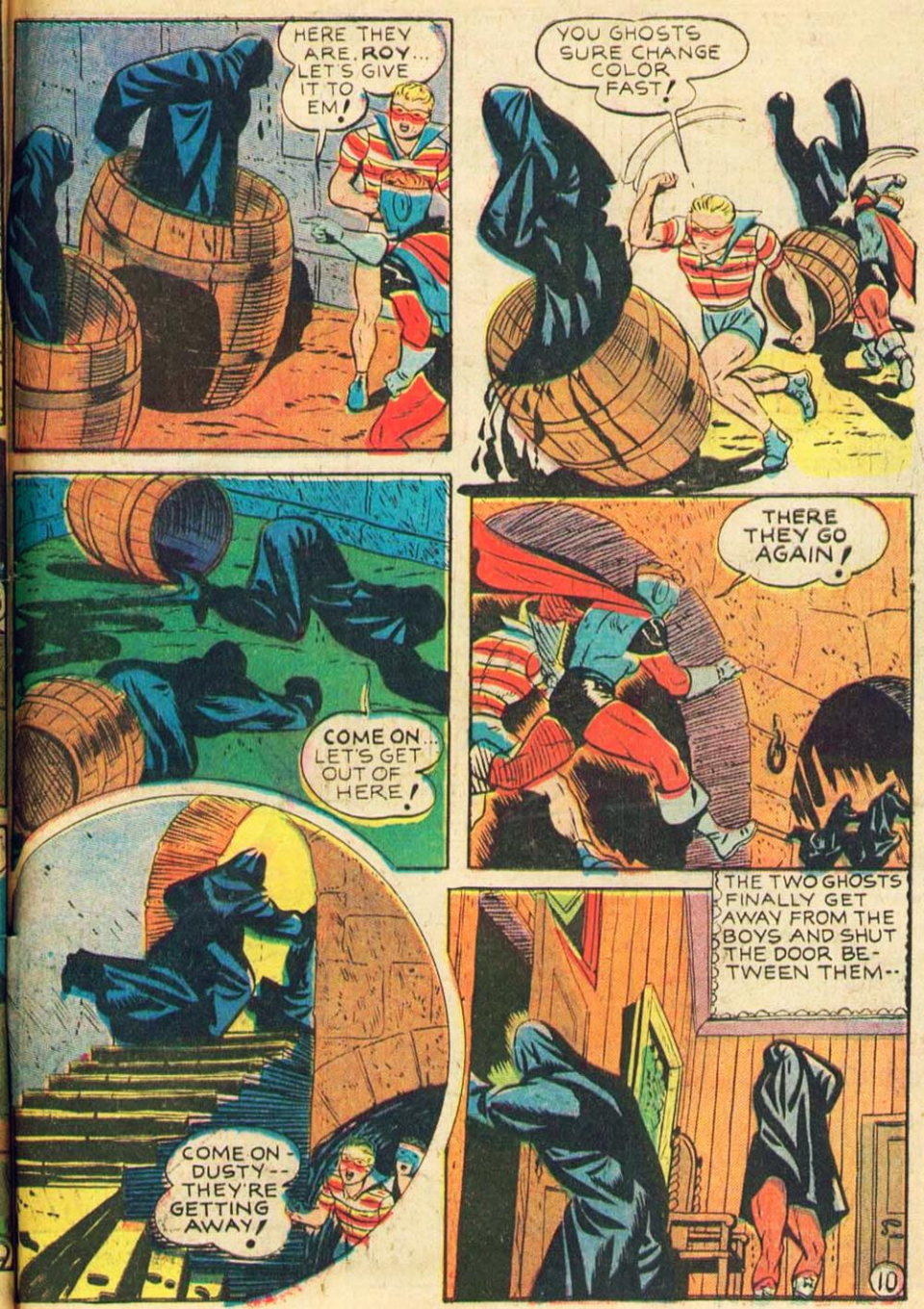

THE BOYS SOON FALL ASLEEP---
THE NIGHT WEARS ON-THEN-THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY-
AH! THE TWO OF THEM SLEEP LIKE BABES!
HOLY CATS -A GHOST!
DUSTY OPENS ONE EYE - A GHOST- HE THINKS I'M ASLEEP!
LET HIM HAVE IT, DUSTY!
POW
SORRY, I FORGOT TO TAKE MY SHOES OFF, GHOST!
HA! HA! HA!


GEE, YOU FEEL AWFULLY SOLID FOR A GHOST!
HEY, ROY! LET ME GET IN A COUPLE OF LICKS!
THAT FELT JUST LIKE A REAL JAW ON MY FIST!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, GHOST, HAD ENOUGH?
QUICK, AFTER HIM, DUSTY!
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
COME ON, WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND GO THIS WAY!
I WISH HE HADN'T GOTTEN AWAY!
HEY, THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT!
6


LISTEN TO THAT! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY BEING TORTURED!
IT'S COMING FROM THE BASEMENT!
WHOO-O-O-O
THIS CASTLE SURE GOES DOWN DEEP
IN THERE, ROY! LET'S GO
OH-H-H-H
NO, DON'T, OH, HELP! OH-H-H-H-H
DROP THAT KNIFE!
QUICK, AT HIM!
7


HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO SOCK YOU ?
HEY, DUSTY, LOOK! IT'S ANOTHER ONE, HE'S FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR!
YOU GHOSTS SURE ARE GLUTTONS FOR PUNISMENT!
BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH FIGHT IN YOU!
TRYING TO KILL THE OLD MAN, EH? THIS'LL TEACH YOU BETTER MANNERS
OOF!
HEY, DUSTY! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
OW!


COME ON! IF WE LOSE THEM NOW WE MAY NOT GET ANOTHER CHANCE!
THEY WENT DOWN THIS WAY!
THERE THEY ARE, NOW! LET'S GET THEM!
THE GHOSTS DIVE INTO TWO BARRELS OF OIL ---
GEE, THEY SEEM TO HAVE DISAPPEARED INTO THIN AIR!
THAT'S THE WAY GHOSTS DO THINGS!
GLUB GLUB GLUB
GLUB
I COULDN'T TAKE THAT ANY MORE!
I'VE SWALLOWED ENOUGH OIL TO RUN A TANK FOR A YEAR!


HERE THEY ARE, ROY... LET'S GIVE IT TO EM!
YOU GHOSTS SURE CHANGE COLOR FAST!
COME ON... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THERE THEY GO AGAIN!
COME ON - DUSTY -- THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!
THE TWO GHOSTS FINALLY GET AWAY FROM THE BOYS AND SHUT THE DOOR BE-TWEEN THEM--
10


WHEW! THOSE KIDS SURE MADE IT HOT FOR US!
SAY, I'D RATHER TANGLE WITH A TRUCK LOAD OF CROOKS THAN THOSE TWO KIDS!
LOOK... THEY LEFT TRACKS WITH THE OIL ON THEIR FEET!
HELLO, MR. SNODGRASS.. WELL, I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP THE GAME!
THOSE LADS WERE TOO MUCH FOR YOU-EH!
I'LL LOOK IN AND SEE WHO'S TALKING IN THERE. THOSE VOICES SOUND FAMILIAR!
WELL, I CAN'T SAY YOU DIDN'T TRY HARD. I GUESS THOSE BOYS JUST DON'T SCARE EASILY!
WELL, WIZARD, IT LOOKS AS IF WE'LL JUST HAVE TO LET THEM HAVE THEIR OWN WAY AND WORK ALONE IF THEY WANT TO!
IT CERTAINLY DOES!
GHOSTS, HUH? WHY THE BIG PHONIES!
HA-HA - WE SURE SHOWED THEM A THING OR TWO!
FOR MORE ADVENTURES OF ROY AND DUSTY, BUY SHIELD-WIZARD NO. 6
11

FRAIL...WEAK...UNDEVELOPED? TRY THIS QUICK EASY WAY TO GET BIG HUSKY HANDSOME MUSCLES!

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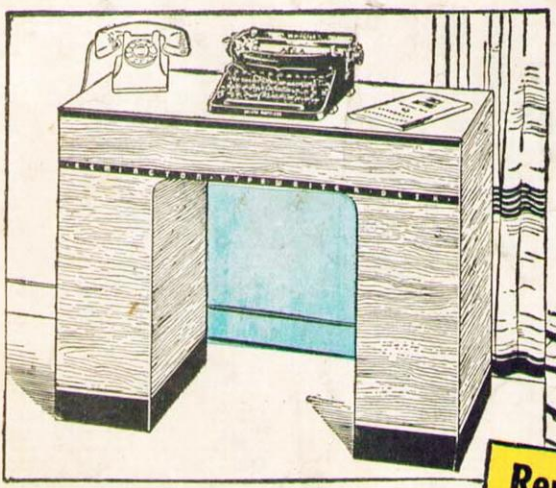
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